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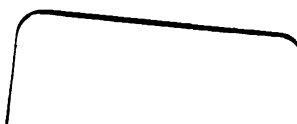
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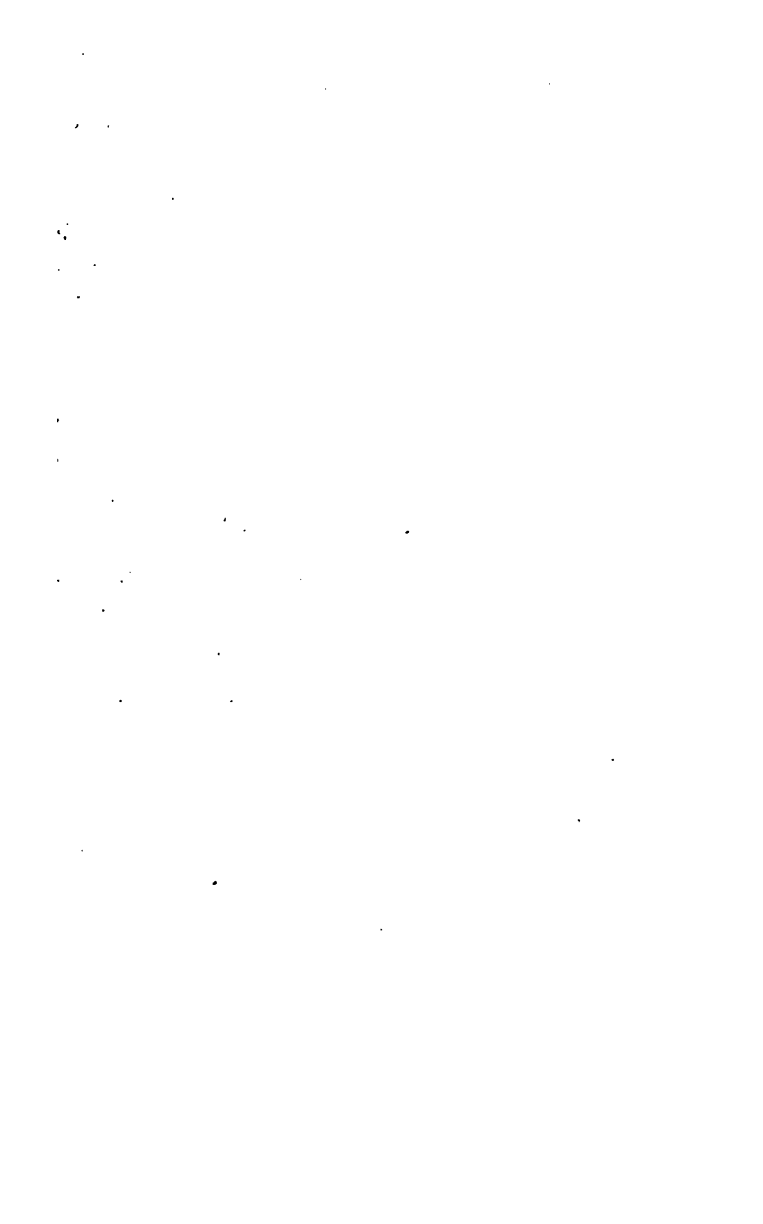


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Love and Loyalty.

**Thrones and dominions wait upon the Lord,
And Crowns derive their lustre from His Word.**

Love and Loyalty

BY THE AUTHOR OF

IRRELAGH



LONDON

WILLIAM PICKERING

1851



280. S. 4.

Argument.

INVOCATION to the Deity ; two Seraphs (Love and Loyalty) descried descending earthwards ; their genial influence over Britain, illustrated by George the Third's subjects' pity for his insanity ; Loyalty without Love is lifeless ; joyful anticipation of Christ's second advent when Love shall truly embrace Loyalty ; subject further illustrated by the lamented death of the Princess Charlotte and infant ; mysterious majesty of the soul ; universal grief at the death of William the Fourth.

Scene changed from shade to sunshine by the gorgeously solemn coronation of Queen Victoria, and attendant exuberances

of Loyal love and delight; Lament over the beloved Queen Adelaide.

Joyous birth of the young Prince Albert; superstition subversive of Loyalty and Royalty; that Love wedded to Loyalty produces Industry and a desire for universal love and brotherhood, proved by the invitation of all Nations to the Crystal Palace; the opening scene; the cause of Erin advocated; her sufferings and un murmuring resignation; her triumphant struggles against a dark creed; Britain cautioned against the williness of Popery; for, to the Protestant Religion is she indebted for her prosperity.


Anticipated millennial reign of Christ, with Love and Loyalty embracing his beloved feet; Satan bound, and Mankind blest.

Appeal to Britain to spread true civilization through the

veins of the whole World through the medium of Holy Writ ; a second appeal from Erin for the protection and kindly assistance of her more happy and blessed sister-isle ; by granting which, the cords of loyal *bondage* wherewith she is bound to England shall be exchanged for those of Loyal love and esteem ; the consequent firm-based glory and union of the British Isles.



Love and Loyalty.

LMIGHTY Sovereign ! whose resistless sway
Thine own creation, Heaven and earth, obey,
And these resplendent orbs that nightly burning
Myriads on myriads, calculation spurning,
In their appointed spheres harmonious moving,
The toil and tumult of our world reproving,
Like Angel watchers sparkling witness lending,
And to Thy Throne in adoration bending ;

Oh, blest beyond imagination's bound,
Diffusing endless blessedness around,
Scattering o'er man's first path unfading flowers,
Walking with him in Eden's sinless bowers,
Restoring, when by Satan's art undone,
Redeeming by thy well beloved Son ;
Bidding his ransom'd soul to Heaven aspire,
And gifting Him to speak with tongues of fire.

Before thy Spirit's animating ray
Let earth-engender'd shadows pass away ;
Adapt the lyre to its immortal theme,
And in my weakness magnify Thy name.
Arise, my soul ! immortal spark, arise !
Beyond the rolling clouds, beyond the skies ;

See from amidst the glorified above
Two guardian seraphs, Loyalty and Love.
On their exalted embassy descending,
With all man's noblest aspirations blending,
Illuminating desecrated earth
With evidences of celestial birth ;
One, mingling kingly with parental sway,
And one, inclining subjects to obey.
Britannia ! thou hast felt the power Divine,
No land more sweetly influenced than thine ;
When thy loved monarch found no beam arise
Of gladdening sunshine on his darken'd eyes,
When faded earth from his abstracted mind,
And he was feeble, full of days, and blind.

His people mourn'd to think that all was dim,
This beauteous world a dreary blank to him ;
That round his dear and venerable head
Unbroken shadows of the night were spread,
And scenes they most delighted to explore
Their king and father could behold no more.
But when they heard that Heaven-imparted light
Made all his mental aberrations bright,
That at the gate of Paradise he seem'd
And glorious Angels his companions deem'd,¹
They blessed the hand that veil'd from grief his eyes,
And wean'd from earth ere passing to the skies.

In vain would Loyalty endow a crown
Did Love refuse to send a blessing down ;

The first, a jewell'd sceptre may impart,
The second adds that priceless gem, the heart.
Faith in beatic vision shall expire,
And Hope, embraced by Certainty, retire ;
But Charity omnipotent, above,
In everlasting exercise, is Love.

Essential attribute of Deity !
The fulness of thy triumph all shall see,
When circling clouds of glory shall disclose,
Upon that sacred mount from whence He rose,
Him whom the Heaven of heavens may not retain,
Nor Satan stay from His appointed reign.

Then renovated nature's choral voice

Shall bid her deepest solitudes rejoice,
And lay her fairest flowers an offering meet,
In primal beauty at her Saviour's feet.

For that enthronement of the King of kings
Angelic Harpers tune their golden strings,
And poets wake their loftiest strains to move
In sweet response to Loyalty and Love.

Such bards as Heaven's undimm'd reflectors shine,
Such contemplations strengthen and refine,
And shed on simple numbers light divine.
Untroubled by the din of sordid strife,
From the rich fountain of eternal life,
They softly glide o'er care-worn hearts below,
Like bounteous rivers fresh'ning as they flow.

Pure are the feelings loyal hearts that move,
And precious are the very tears of Love.
When o'er the good, the beautiful, the young,
Death's awful unexpected shadow hung,
The solemn toll of that slow pealing bell
Sank on the stricken spirit as the knell
Of England's hope, when sorrowing Britons gave
Their Princess and her infant to the grave.³
All ranks in that affliction bore a part,
That was indeed a mourning of the heart;
The spring of life confessed the general gloom,
And tears of old bedew'd her early tomb.
But her loved Grandfire knew not of the woe,
For God had shaded him from grief below.

He still was left, the aged and the blind,
And she round whom so many hopes entwined,
Looked on her offspring with a mother's eye,
And follow'd the pure spirit to the sky.

Oh wondrous guest of perishable clay,
One moment here,—another, pass'd away;
Who mid the mightiest of the sons of men
May bar thy flight, or summon thee again?
Who, when the unconscious frame inertly lies,
May follow, where the sleepless spirit flies?
What human power the wings of thought may bind,
Or limit the imaginings of mind,
Fix its emotions, calculate its themes,
Direct its course, and measure out its dreams.

Now, borne a wreck, on angry billows tost,
Now, holding converse with the loved and lost;
To friendships' heart awak'ning tones replying,
With all the eloquence of love undying,
Maintaining as sleep weaves her sceptre o'er us,
Communion with the glorified before us.

Now reckless of mortality's restraining,
More high beatitude of spirit gaining,
Breaking the barriers of material mould
To view the moonlit chart of Heaven unfold,
Where mid the stars the track of glory lies
Up glancing to the Palace of the skies,
Whose dazzling portals of celestial light

Admit to realms unutterably bright,
Where hovering Angels veil that great white throne :
(To the wrapt seer in wondrous vision shewn,)
And that high mystery around, above,
Is beaming with effulgency of love.

* * * * *

Again in royal halls the voice of wailing,
And that deep bell through the vast city pealing ;
Announcing that another reign is ended,
Another monarch to the tomb descended.
Then was the cumbrous pomp of regal pride
And circumstance of grandeur laid aside,
When by the royal sufferer's couch was seen

The woman's deep affection in the Queen,
The love that feared its weakness to betray,
And minister'd unwearying night and day.—

Then sympathized his people in their woe,
As fought they every lingering hope to know;
His comfort's prayer ascended not alone,
For Loyalty had made her grief their own.

The scene was closed, the immortal spirit gone,
Solemn and slow the fable hearse pass'd on;
The arches echoed to the mourners tread,
The tomb reopen'd to receive the dead.

And oh! the silent lesson of that hour,

When on the coffin fell the rods of power,³
Broken as emblems that no might can save,
And no distinction profit in the grave.

* * * * *

The scene is changed, the summer sun is bright,
But softly steals the rainbow tinted light ;
Through stain'd and storied windows softly falls,
On Gothic arches and time hallow'd walls.

Now, with the ruby's glow it seems to burn
On mouldering tomb and consecrated urn,
Now flings on sculptured forms an azure hue,
And streams long aisles and lofty galleries through.

But softer, holier light seems lingering there
Upon a youthful form so chafely fair
In meek devotion reverently bending,
The while upon her virgin brow defcending,
Tinging with hues of Heaven a fparkling crown,
As hovering Angels fhed that glory down.

And there, beneath that holy radiance fhed,
On the aw'd living, and the filent dead.
The letter'd tombs and cenotaphs revealing,
And that foul thrilling melody appealing ;
Now rifing high, now dying faint away,
As if unearthly voices fwelld the lay.
Behold the anointed Queen of England ftand,
The Holy Bible given to her right hand ;

Pledged to her God, before her nobles round,
To keep inviolate the faith she found.⁴
Then rose to Heaven Love's simultaneous voice
Calling a loyal nation to rejoice,
And on the soft wings of the summer gale
Was wafted deep response to that appeal.
Young mothers held their babes with hands outspread
To list a blessing on Victoria's head ;
The schoolboy, and the sire bowed down with age,
The yeoman bold, the soldier and the sage,
Intent alike on one engrossing theme,
Alike repeating one beloved name,
Ambitious to increase or to adorn
The pageant of her Coronation morn.
The splendour of that gratulating day

Has faded like a morning dream away ;
Unwonted sadness clouds the open brow
Of Loyalty, and Love is weeping now.

Why droops Britannia's rose, earth's brightest flower,
Untimely bending 'neath the stormy hour ?
Mourns Scotia's thistle for her beauty gone ?
The silver down her summer breast put on :
And wherefore is Hibernia's shamrock found
Of verdure reft, in floods of sorrow drown'd ?
Emblems of love, and faith, and fealty,
Lament they, fainted Adelaide, for thee ?
Oh ever fond and faithful to the last,
Ere yet to Heaven thy gentle spirit pass'd
Ere changed thy blameless life of christian love

To full beatitude of life above.
Thou badst in memory of thy William brave
His own loved sailors bear thee to the grave.^s

Then sank intrepid spirits 'neath thy bier,
And fell on roughen'd cheeks the stranger tear,
And trembled limbs that firm as ocean's rock
Braved the wild storm and met the battle's shock ;
Beneath that bier all sterner feelings slept,
And Love and Loyalty uniting wept.

The scene is changed ; the new year's sun looks down
Auspicious on the heir of England's crown,
Deeds of compassion herald in his birth,
And recent victory welcomes him to earth ;

And as prophetic of his future sway
Afflicted Israel hails his natal day.

Behold, the mother and the Sovereign brings
Her tender offspring to the King of kings,
Trusting the babe through Adam's sin defiled,
May be, through Christ, the Lord's adopted child.

Oh happy parent, highly favour'd Queen !
Whose flag was honour'd Palestine to screen ;
Directed still by His unerring Word,
Protect the ancient people of the Lord ;
Jehovah's foes let thy example shame,
And deem thy allies all who love His name.

Bleft in thy Confort, in thine offspring bleft !
Let naught of evil 'neath thy shadow rest ;
Naught that would change the noonday's glorious light
For emblematic torches of the night,
And mediators placed in vain array
For Him " who is the life, the truth, the way." 6

His Holy Word, so freely given to thee,
Transmit as uncontaminate and free,
Let no rash hand extend a pruning knife
To lop the branches of the Tree of Life,
But freely bid them rise and widely flow,
And yield their healing fruit to all below.

Has Love unfeign'd in every spirit rest ?
 Is Loyalty a native of the breast ?
 Answer ! ye tempests that convulse the world,
 Ye revolutions that have monarchs hurl'd
 To the dark scaffold from the gilded throne ;
 Ye heart revolting scenes by history shown.
 When sin abounded like a mighty flood
 And crimson'd subjects' hands with royal blood.

To-day prosperity's bright sun may shine
 On the fair daughter of a regal line ;
 All voices bless, all hearts confess her power,
 To-morrow, there may come a darker hour ;
 None but the truly loyal may abide
 The sweeping rush of revolution's tide.

When superstition would enslave the land,
None but the truly loving may withstand.

Victoria's guard may Love be ever known,
Light of her counsel, pillar of her throne;
Diffusing peace 'neath her benignant sway,
This world can neither give nor take away,
Whilst from its shade domestic concord springs,
And distant empires rest beneath its wings.

* * * * *

A voice is heard on earth's remotest shore,
And islands echoing to the billows' roar,
Wherever bark is moor'd or sail unfurl'd,
A voice of invitation to the world.

The Ocean Queen's soul-animating call
Awakens emulative power in all ;
Invention feels creative impulse given,
The icebergs severing mankind are riven ;
Britannia hears a murmur from afar,
Not the hoarse prelude of approaching war,
But as first imag'd in her Albert's mind,
Breathings of hope and blessing to mankind ;
In Love's sweet accents bidding discord cease,
And commerce sail beneath the bow of Peace.

Behold the Crystal Palace lifts its dome,
And proffers art and industry a home ;
And lo ! the produce of each varying clime

And treasured relics, the bequests of time,
From lands remote, impell'd by favouring gales,
People the azure deep with gliding sails,
Received and class'd in fair proportion, all
Assume their station in that glittering hall.⁷

Who comes? of Loyalty the hope and pride,
With him, by Love's most sacred tie allied,
Whose sapient mind conceiv'd the vast design,
The princely father of a royal line.
Who comes, and with Religion's flag unfurl'd
Opes her Industrial Palace to the world?
Who moves serenely mid that dazzling scene?
Hark to the answering peal! God save the Queen!

As on the ear that glorious anthem fell
A thousand voices mingling in the swell,
It seem'd of Love and Loyalty the care
To waft to listening Heaven a nation's prayer.

Behold as guards, her children smiling round,
Her safety in her confidence is found ;
Despots may seek a shield from rebel darts,
But our Queen's citadel is loyal hearts.

When foreign lands advanced in meet array
To grace the pomp of that rejoicing day,
Was there no voice of Love from Erin's shore ?
Or breathed it faintly mid the billows roar ?

Oh ! long by complicated suffering proved,
Her ancient landmarks loosen'd or removed,
Her faithful ministers who train her youth
Dearer than life to hold Jehovah's truth,
Unaided in their sacred mission left,
Of all but confidence in God bereft,
Her peasantry who with the lark would rise,
And patient toil till evening veil'd the skies,
Want—driven exiles o'er the Atlantic wave,
Or sinking from the workhouse to the grave,
Whilst heavier darker clouds seem hurrying on,
And all the music of the land is gone.

Yet doth she lift her languid brow and smile,

As float glad accents from her sister isle ;⁹
For pitying Heaven hath lent her children power
To catch the influence of each sunny hour,
Revive with every breath of genial air,
And hope upon the threshold of despair ;
Nor e'er hath famine caused one murmuring word
Against the dispensations of the Lord.
For still the eye is raised with sorrow dim,
And the tongue falters, Glory be to Him !
Queen of the isles ! whose flag, where'er unfurl'd,
Is hail'd as freedom's banner by the world,
Canst thou to distant realms so kindly known
Look with an eye of coldness on thine own ?
That sacred trust consign'd thee from above,
To rule with wisdom and attach by love.

Not of thy kingdom an unvalued part,
But held as a possession of the heart.

Through the deep waters guided by her God,
And meekly bending 'neath His chaf'ning rod,
The long afflicted hears a still small voice,
Bidding her deeply stricken heart rejoice.
Thousands and tens of thousands press to know
The sovereign balm for every human woe;
The proffer of salvation full and free,
"Weary and heavy laden come to me."

Whilst Erin heavy burden'd, sorely tried,
Looks in her sorrow to the Crucified,
Casts off her mental foul-degrading chain,

And hails the light of early days again.¹⁰

Oh Britain ! highly privileged ! beware !
 Around thee spreads the wily tempter's snare ;
 Amid thy happy homes and peaceful bowers
 Would superstition rear her gloomy towers.

Empire, and love, and liberty, are thine,
 The Bible, once relinquish'd, all resign !
 Thrones and dominions wait upon the Lord,
 And crowns derive their lustre from His Word.

Love, Heaven-descended ! Loyalty divine !
 Come, and erect in every heart a shrine !
 Cleansed from ambition, avarice, and pride,

A temple where Emanuel may abide.
 Too long the thirst of empire and of gold
 Their molten billows o'er the world have roll'd;
 Too long the weak have sunk before the strong,
 And man oppress'd his brother man too long.

* * * * *

The scene is changed—to wipe away all tears.
 A power divine, a glorious form appears;
 A King who reigns in righteousness, a King
 Who spoil'd the grave and took from death his sting.
 For sinful man a sinless offering bled,
 Reopen'd Heaven and bruised the Serpent's head.
 O wondrous theme of inspiration's song!
 As prophecies fulfill'd around thee throng!

Before the joy of thy millennial day
All bright imaginations fade away.

Prophet, and Priest, and King, what pomp attends
Thy second advent—Heaven to earth descends.
Satanic hate no more thy glory shrouds,
Circled by angels, charioted on clouds;
Behold Love's triumph in that aspect sweet,
And Loyalty adoring at His feet,
While peace o'er renovated nature reigns,
And man's dark enemy is bound in chains.

The glorious vision fades, but leaves such bright
Reflected rays from its departing light
That with new beauty earth appears to glow,

And life seems breathed afresh on all below.

Appointed missionary from above,
With joyful tidings of redeeming love,
For darken'd heathen lands to spread thy fail,
And charge with endless blessing every gale,
Celestial delegate! Britannia! thou
More firmly plant the Gospel standard now.
That Love and Loyalty rejoicing, round
The lion's neck a laurel wreath have bound.

Assembled at thy call from every land,¹¹
Whilst art and industry and science stand
'Neath thy unconquered banner, to display
The masterpieces of invention's day;

Still to Jehovah let that banner fall,
And "Glory be to God" inscribe on all.

* * * * *

Nor let the noble oak that stems the blast
Neglect the graceful vine around it cast,
When timely succour might its health restore,
And bid its drooping branches flourish more.
Remember, is thy glance on trophies won,
Thy conquering Wellington is Erin's son.

Around thy brow is not one laurel band
But hath some flower transplanted from her land.
Her gallant mariners have died to keep

Thy naval flag victorious o'er the deep ;
Her pulpit eloquence hath charm'd thine ear,
Her manly sense thy senate paused to hear,
And in sweet interchange of kindness thou
Hast seldom fail'd, nor wilt thou fail her now.

Still must thou bear a part in her decline,
Thine is her weakness, as her glory thine.
In mutual concord mutual faith combin'd,
United in one spirit and one mind,
Soon would Britannia's Lion chase away
The midnight spoilers that on Erin prey.
And the long silent harp of Erin raise
The song of joy—and give to God the praise.

Old Ocean's pride our isles might then be seen,
Bound by one faith, as govern'd by one Queen;
Whilst on their blended flag inscribed should be
Unfeigned Love and spotless Loyalty.

Notes.

Note 1, p. 12.

IN the awful visitation of blindness, when reason tottered on her throne, his God did not forsake him ; his reveries were all of glory.

Note 2, p. 15.

Universal was the grief that overspread the British realm when God claimed so early the beloved Princess Charlotte, and one grave received the mother and her child.

Note 3, p. 20.

It was a heart-touching moment, when the officers of his household, bending over the coffin of their royal master, cast upon it the broken staffs of office.

Note 4, p. 22.

Who that witnessed can forget that Coronation scene, or the solemn duties it imposed.

Note 5, p. 24.

Almost the last request of the lamented Queen Dowager, was, "That sailors should bear her to the tomb;" an affecting tribute to the memory of their loved Sailor King.

Note 6, p. 26.

"There is one God and one Mediator between God and man; *the Man Christ Jesus*." 1 Tim. ii. 3.

"For there is none other name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved." Acts iv. 12.

Note 7, p. 30.

They who have visited the Crystal Palace, say, "Come and see; the half has not been told."

Note 8. p. 31.

No language can describe the effect of the National Hymn and the Anthem that followed. May we humbly trust that many hearts then sent up an offering acceptable to the *Most High*.

Note 9. p. 33.

I have (remarked an enlightened English traveller) during my tour in the west of Ireland visited many pastors and curates of the Church of England, and found them whilst destitute of not only the comforts but the necessaries of life, labouring with wonderful success to preach the Gospel to the poor.

Note 10, p. 35.

In the Diocese of Tuam alone ten thousand converts from the errors of Popery are now received into the Church of England, and multitudes all over Ireland are, under the instruc-

tion of Irish Scripture readers, becoming true Christians and loyal subjects. And we maintain that the despotic power of Priestly Rome is utterly antagonistic to true and perfect loyalty, as it boldly claims all honour and obedience as its divine right.

Note 11, p. 38.

“ There is no other country under the sun from which the invitation to the nations of the world to exhibit productions of their industry could have proceeded with so much grace and propriety as England.”—*Illustrated London News*.

THE END.

